



# Columbus and Americanism

Columbus was in the news last month, and we wonder what the discoverer of America, who had to fight against the Inquisition of his day, would say about the happenings in the city in Ohio which was named for him.

Band-leader Horace Heidt and officials of the Ohio State Fair bowed to the witch-hunt atmosphere there last month when they refused to fulfill their contract with the Weavers to have the well-known folk-song group appear at the fair in Columbus August 25th. The \$3850 fee for eleven scheduled appearances has been turned over to the American Federation of Musicians until a decision has been reached on whether or not the fee must be paid.

Included among the accusations against the Weavers were that Pete Seeger was sponsored by People's Songs, and that Pete had participated

in making "The Peekskill Story" for People's Artists. Lee Hays, another member of the group, was accused of reading a eulogy at the funeral of Bob Reed, a New York Communist leader.

Lee Hays' answer to this charge makes stirring reading in this day and age: "I read a eulogy at Reed's funeral. . . . Bob Reed was a known Communist. He was known and loved by more non-Communists than any Communist I've ever known. He was my neighbor and life-long friend. If any more of my friends die, I don't care whether they're Republicans or Communists, I'll be at their funeral to speak if I'm asked."

## A LETTER FROM WOODY GUTHRIE

Dear Editor:

When some super-reactionary friend of mine looked through several issues of SING OUT and failed to find any songs of my own making, he wrote me and said, "Thank God you're not having anything to do with that bunch."

I've read just about every word of every issue of SING OUT and I just want to say right now before any more of you write in to thank me that I could not agree any more or any plainer nor any stronger with SING OUT if I had wrote every single word of it, and every song my own self by my own hand.

I know everybody on this SING OUT staff just as good as I know any of the members of my own family, or any of my sisters and my brothers. I believe in peace and SING OUT believes in peace; I do my best to fight against war and SING OUT fights just as hard to stop wars as I do; I make ballad-songs about the news of every day and show you how Jim Crow and race hate and kuklucry like Cicero hits and hurts and stings and kills off

(Continued on Page 14)

## Sing Out

Vol. 2 September  
No. 3 Fourth Series Ch. 151a 1951

Copyright 1951 by People's Artists Inc., 103 E. 14th St., NYC.  
All rights reserved. \$2.00 per year, 25¢ per copy. Pub. monthly.

Editor Ernie Lieberman  
Art Editor Rena Taub  
Circulation Mgr. Laura Duncan  
Music Staff Jerry Silverman  
Leon Jero  
Makeup Staff Harold Bernz,  
Renee Shai  
Executive Sec. Irwin Silber

CONTRIBUTORS: Paul Robeson,  
Howard Fast, Pete Seeger, Alan  
Lomax, Wally Hille, Walter Low-  
enfels, Betty Sanders, Earl Rob-  
inson, Sidney Finkelstein, Aaron  
Kramer, James Hutchinson.

# 106 Get You Ready

Negro Spiritual

In the days of slavery the Negroes called together and held great camp meetings "at the Methodists" etc., and they knew the benefits of singing, walking, talking, and acting together in their struggles for liberation. The added lyrics by Vera Leff and John Hastad from the British Worker's Music Association bring this timely message up to date.

## REFRAIN:

With  
Enthusiasm



That gambling man just canct stand, .....  
We're gonna drive 'ol Satan from this land, .....  
Camp meetin' here, camp meetin' there, .....  
I believe to my soul they're everywhere, .....

## NEW VERSES used in England:

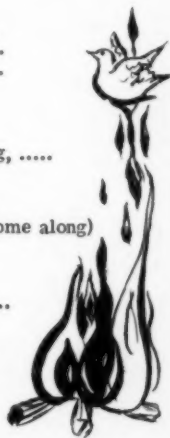
Come, gather 'round friends, I'll sing you a song, .....  
So tell your mates and bring them along, .....

Get you ready there's a meetin' here tonight,  
Six 'oclock, there's a meetin' here tonight, (come along)  
We'll sing for peace and unity -  
There's a meetin' here tonight.

There can't be a fire where there is no light, .....  
There can't be a fire if folks won't fight, .....

Bombs can't frighten and bombs can't fall, .....  
If WE make certain there's no bomb at all, .....

The meetin's over, the speeches done, .....  
But the fight for peace has just begun, .....



# 107 We've Always Welcomed Strangers

Lyrics by  
Roslyn Harvey  
Music by  
Herbert Haufrecht

This song was first written for a conference of the Committee For The Protection of the Foreign Born. Perhaps the title could have been, "We're All A Bunch of Foreigners". Today the welcome sign for "foreigners" is readily open to those who play the fascist tune, while "foreigners" who fight for Peace and Democracy are being deported.

The cover drawing, which was made to harmonize with the theme of this song, is by Ben Ossa, NYC artist. It shows the "alien" Columbus discovering America.

**Lively**

1. An\_ 'a-lien called Co-lum-bus And an-oth-er called Car-

tier, Dis-cov-ered a few plac-es And then they went a-

way. And\_ then some oth-er im-mi-grants land-ed here to stay;

Some went to Vir-gin-ia, And some to Ply-mouth Rock,

Some to get re-li-gion, And some to get out of hock.

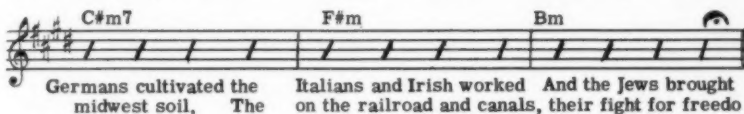
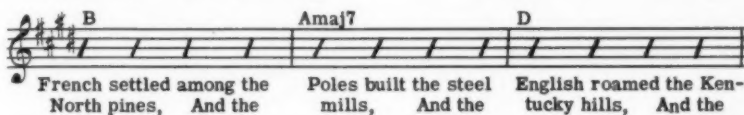
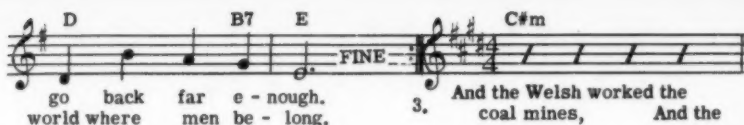
**CHORUS** A G A Em7 G

Yes, we've al-ways wel-comed stran-gers who found the go-ing

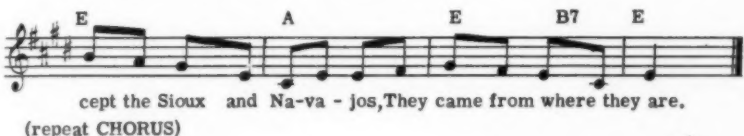
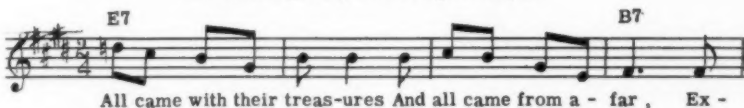
Yes, we've al-ways wel-comed stran-gers 'Cause stran-gers make us

rough, 'Cause we're all a bunch of for-ign-ers If we

strong, And there's no such thing as for-ign-ers In a



And the Negroes, their songs of hope!



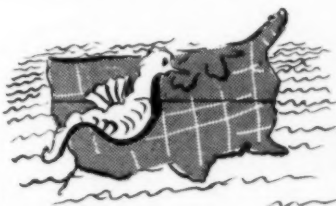
2.

A German called Von Steuben  
And a Frenchman, Lafayette,  
They helped us fight for freedom  
And they are fighting yet.

And many other valiant men  
Came and brought their wives,  
Brought their tools and rifles,  
Brought their pots and knives,  
Brought a dream of freedom  
And kept it all their lives.

(CHORUS)

3. (see rhythmic speech section  
last measure, top of page)



4.

An alien called Columbus  
And another called Cartier  
Discovered a few places  
And then they went away.

And now the world is smaller—  
It isn't very far  
From Africa to Texas,  
From Maine to Zanzibar,  
From Hiroshima to New York---  
It isn't very far.

(FINAL CHORUS)

Yes, we'll always welcome strangers  
'Cause strangers make us strong  
And there's no such thing as foreigners  
In a world where ALL belong.

# Folk Music of the

The following article by Bob Claiborne originally appeared in "World Student News", the magazine of the IUS -- International Union of Students.



The history of folk music in the United States -- not including the music of the American Indian -- covers more than 300 years and over three million square miles; it deals with dozens of nationalities and scores of occupational and regional ways of life.

The most important groups among the original settlers in eastern North America, and therefore the most important sources of our folk music, were from the British Isles. Hundreds of American songs can be directly traced to English, Welsh, Scottish and Irish originals -- the latter influence being intensified by the great Irish immigrations of the mid-19th Century. This Anglo-Celtic tradition (often mis-called Anglo-Saxon) forms the musical basis of all subsequent developments in American folk music, (and to a large extent in American music generally.)

The second great influence came with the thousands of Negroes brought in chains from Africa. The musical elements they brought with them fused with those they absorbed from white society to produce a semi-independent tradition of exceptional vitality which has greatly enriched American music in general.

German immigration in the 18th and 19th Centuries added its bit to the tradition. "Silent Night" ("Stille Nacht"), for example, taken over from German immigrants along with Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, remains our most popular Christmas carol. German folk-songs as a distinct tradition still survive among the "Pennsylvania Dutch" ("Deutsch"),

# United States

by  
**Bob Claiborne**

some of whom still speak a dialect of Low German.

French folk songs, though never an important influence, survived in parts of Louisiana, their French musical idiom often seemingly untouched by either English or African influences.

A fairly lively Hispanic tradition exists among the Mexican-American population of the Southwest; because of the oppressed and segregated position of the Mexicans, it has interacted little with North American music as such.

The other important nationalities making up the US arrived for the most part at a period when folk music was already on the decline; the urban areas in which they mainly settled were, moreover, poor soil for folk music. Their influence on our folk music has therefore been insignificant, though the Jews, Italians and Slavic nationalities have measurably affected US popular song.

Folk music, even more than music in general, is solidly rooted in collective activity, whose various forms shape and limit musical development. We find it arising out of the process of production itself, to the extent that this process is non-mechanized and literally and physically collective. Sailors (before steam), cargo handlers, railroad construction crews and gangs of agricultural laborers sang as a direct outgrowth of and aid to their productive activity. The work-songs, however, have tended to disappear under the mechanization and the accompanying specialized division of labor.

Collective religious activity, in so

far as it is loosely organized, with ritual and hymns unstandardized by higher church bodies, is another root-area for folk music; a third is collective creation (story-telling, musical games and the dance). Folk song and folk dance gave ground only as music and other forms of recreation became commercialized and survived where "commodity recreation" did not penetrate.

Of the three areas mentioned, "recreational" folk music has been most widespread in the United States. The size of our country, plus a frontier which continued to expand until the beginning of the 20th Century, made possible the growing up of hundreds of relatively isolated regional and occupational communities. This fact helps to explain a peculiar feature of our folk songs: the frequency of parody. Emigrant settlers, workers or fortune-hunters, brought to their new and isolated communities old tunes -- both traditional and composed -- to which they set new words drawn from their new experiences. Dinah, the London merchant's daughter, turns up in California as "Betsy From Pike", earthy heroine of the Gold Rush, while an Irish jig, "Rosin the Bow" has served as a Lincoln campaign song in 1860, a California miner's ditty, and even reappeared in 1947 as "Red Apples", a protest against the fleecing of small farmers by the food monopolies.

But it is in the Negro South that the collective roots of folk music strike deepest. Negro labor, in the slave gangs before 1865, no less than in the road camps and prison farms to which they are still condemned by Jim Crow "justice" was overwhelmingly collective and non-mechanized. Out of this work have come hundreds of work-songs, chants and "hollers", sung to relieve the monotony of a work day extending from "can see" to "can't see".

(Continued on Page 10)

# HERITAGE--U.S.A.

Our greatest folk-musical heritage comes from the Negro people. This spiritual "Wade In The Water" has been made famous by Harriet Tubman - Moses of the Underground Railroad - , who sang it as she eluded her captors by wading through deep water in leading a group of slaves and herself to the North, safety, and freedom.

The fight still goes on! The same courage and heroism which motivated Harriet Tubman in the cause of her people's liberation is a heritage of the U.S.A. which we can, must, and will never forget, though we be "Buked and scorned" (see song on opposite page) in our fight for peace, freedom, and equality in the world today.

108

## Wade in The Water

Quite slowly and steady B7

Wade in the wa-ter, Wade in the

wa-ter, child-ren, Wade in the wa-ter,

God's a gon-na troub-le the wa-ter.

VERSE Jor-dan's wa-ter is chil-ly and cold,

God's a gon-na troub-le the wa-ter, It chills the bo-dy but

lifts the soul, God's a gon-na troub-le the wa-ter.

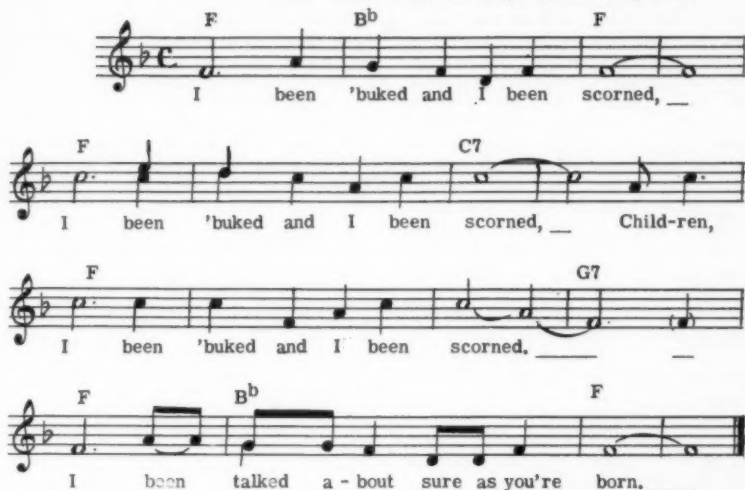
2. If you get there before I do, Tell all of my friends I'm comin' too  
God's a gonna trouble the water, God's a gonna trouble the water.



## I Been 'Buked

This version of "I Been 'Buked" was introduced to the Chicago Peace Congress last June by Nadyne Brewer of New York. The version of "Wade in the Water" on the opposite page is also Nadyne's.

Broadly



2. I been 'buked and I been scorned, ///  
Tryin' to make my journey along.
3. You may talk about me sure as you please, ///  
Your talk'll never drive me down to your knees.
4. There ain't but this one thing I done wrong, ///  
Stayed out of the fight almost too long.
5. We'll be 'buked and we'll be scorned, ///  
But let's fight for our rights till we have won!

Some other verses:

One of these mornings bright and fair, ///  
Going to hitch on my wings and try the air.

Away up in heaven where I'm goin' to shout, ///  
Nobody there to put me out.

I want to go to heaven at my own expense, ///  
If I can't get through the door, I'll jump the fence.

When I get to heaven goin' to take my stand, ///  
Goin' to wrestle with my Lord like a natural man.



# Folk Music of the U.S.

(Continued from Page 7)

It is worth noting, incidentally, that as particular fields of work have become mechanized, Negroes have been largely prevented from operating the machines, being forced into the least skilled and most menial jobs. Thus John Henry, Negro folk-hero of one of the finest American ballads, is forced to compete with the "steam drill" -- presumably operated by a white man. His declaration that "before I let that steam drill beat me down I'll fall dead with my hammer in my hand" breathes not only the pride of a strong, skilled driller, but the defiance of a worker whose job is at stake; his death symbolized the progressive extinction of the Southern Negro skilled worker.

To return: the Negro churches, even more than the white churches of the South, have had in general neither the means nor the desire to support a church hierarchy. Moreover, illiteracy among Southern Negroes has always been relatively high; under slavery, teaching slaves to read was a crime and since then the interest of the white ruling-class in Negro education has been less than enthusiastic. Church congregations containing a considerable proportion of illiterates ensured that hymns would be transmitted orally (and therefore changed) or even extemporized by the minister and congregation.

Consistent oppression has produced among the Negro people a collective radical-democratic consciousness which, along with their many active struggles for freedom, finds consistent expression in their music. This consciousness of oppression and the will to resist it is frequently and for obvious reasons expressed ambiguously or in poetic symbolism. "A band of angels coming after me" may

indeed have been angels, carrying the slave away from a life of toil, short ratinns and the lash -- or they might have been agents of the "Underground Railroad", carrying the slave to freedom. The slaves never said -- and the master never knew. The "Jack of Diamonds" who "rob my pockets" may refer to a literal card-game -- or, in card symbolism, to a "fair (white) man", an exploiter.

But when slaves sang of the Children of Israel in Egypt, "oppressed so hard they could not stand", of Moses demanding "Let my people go!" they were certainly not speaking merely of events two thousand years past. In "Many Thousand Gone", the symbolism vanishes in the flat declaration: "No more auction block for me! . . . no more driver's lash for me!" Not generally known until after emancipation, it was probably sung in secret in earlier years, for many slaves had not waited for "The Day of Jubilee". Through swamp and forest, hiding by day and travelling by night, they had "followed the Drinking Gourd" (the Big Dipper whose tip star pointed north) North to freedom. "Many thousand" had indeed gone.

For all these reasons, the work-songs, dances, musical games, spirituals and "blues" of the Negro form the most vital area in US folk music. It is hardly coincidental that jazz, our most significant contribution to modern music, should have originated as a part of the Negro's developing national culture, remaining even today, despite commercial vulgarization in form and content, strongly marked by Negro musical idioms. As a significant footnote, the banjo, our only distinctive musical instrument, is of Negro origin.

(Conclusion -- Next Month)

# 110 Jarama Valley

Spanish Civil War

Recently "The Rat" named Franco has been openly and definitely accepted by Truman as a bedfellow. But the people will not forget who he is and what he stands for, nor will they forget those who gave their lives in opposing fascism in Spain. This song is one of the classics from this struggle.

Moderately

There's a val - ley in Spain called Ja - ra - ma, \_ It's a  
place that we all know so well. It was there that we gave of our  
man - hood, Where so man - y of our brave com - rades fell!

We are proud of the Lincoln Battalion  
And the fight for Madrid that it made,  
There we fought like true sons of the people  
As part of the Fifteenth Brigade.

Now we're far from that valley of sorrow,  
But its mem'ry we'll never forget,  
In the midst of the struggles around us,  
Let's remember our glorious dead.

(Repeat first verse)



# The Graveyard Blues

Words and music by  
Margaret Knight

"The graveyard shift in a factory is the night shift from eleven at night until seven in the morning. It is one of the worst grievances the young workers have. It denies to those who work on it almost all possibility of social life. The following song was sung by an industrial club of the Y.W.C.A. in the South and subsequently in textile workers meetings in various cities."

— explanatory note by Margaret Knight

**111** C Moderate Dixieland style D7

When you feel wear - y and each day is drear - y, Then  
You work from 'lev - en a - way 'round to sev - en, And

(D.C. text) -- (There'll come a) day when we won't live this way, then we

you've got those Grave - yard Blues,  
we won't have those Grave - yard Blues.

2. C G7 C Fine. (Blues patter) (C)

Blues, When you work all night and you

Blues, sleep all day, So you have to sleep while the oth - ers play and you can't feel hap - py and you

can't feel gay, Oh me I'm tell - in' you There'll come a

Am Dm7 C D. C. al Fine.

# 112 Waillie

Scottish folk  
As sung by  
Betty Sanders

Here is a profound love song, a deep heart cry or lament, too prolonged to be just poignant. It is of Scotch origins, but appeals to the whole world. It has been very popular with minstrel and ballad singers, being considered one of the greatest love songs in existence. "Waillie", or "Waly" as it appears in various editions, is apparently not a name, but simply a sort of cry or lament in Scotch.



G  
B  
B  
E  
C

Meditatively

When cock-le shells Turn sil-ver bells  
When ros-es grow 'Neath win-ter snow,  
(words for D.C.) But when love's old It grow-eth cold,

Then will my love re - turn to me.  
Then will my love re - turn to me.  
And fades a - way like morn - ing dew.

Wail - lie, On wail - lie, But love it is bon - nie

A lit - tle while when it is new. (D. C. al Fin?)

## WOODY GUTHRIE

(Continued from Page 2)

a good part of my country every minute that flies by; and SING OUT sings out with songs to teach, to show, to prove to you these same terrible things; SING OUT sings out, too, to tell you about every little inch we gain in our fight against all of this reaction of hate.

One little issue of SING OUT is worth more to this humanly race than any thousand tons of other dreamy, dopey junk dished out from the trees of our forest along every Broadway in this world. I don't know of a magazine big or little that comes within a thousand million miles of SING OUT when it comes to doing good around this world.

More of my songs, my latest peace pieces and my later and older ballads too, will be printed in the pages of SING OUTS to come. I will see to that. I don't want your Tommy Glazzeze Mackarthurish cold bloody handshake nor your word of thanks nor your anything else. Whichever side Mac ain't on, I'm on; whichever side MacCarran ain't on, I am; whichever side Taft-Hartley's not on, I'm on double watch.

Let this be the end of those remarks that I will use my Decca contract to fall in love with my belly-button and forget all of the Peek-skills that I've been through with Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, and Earl Robinson, and lots of others. If I do fall into ten per cent ownership of this Decca Record Co. in the morning soon, that will not change one little word of this letter as to which side of things I am and am not on.

Your Buddy,  
Woody Guthrie

The third pressing of The Weavers' recording of "Banks of Marble" and "The Hammer Song" has just been completed. The disc can be purchased by sending \$1.00 to People's Artists, 106 E. 14 St., NYC. Special rates for bulk orders may also be obtained.

## singing people

by Irwin Silber

The Metropolitan Opera Company of "Die Fledermaus" will not appear in Washington. The management of the Capitol Theater in the nation's capital refused to remove its Jim Crow seating policy for the opera's one-week engagement, and in line with Equity's policy of refusing to play Jim Crow houses, the show will not go on. Now, how about some action on Jim Crow in the Met, which has no Negro singers, actors, or musicians in its company?

Woody Guthrie literally made the long haul from the "Dust Bowl" to the "Peach Bowl" last month when he signed a recording contract with Decca Records. The company which has had so much success with the Weavers also signed up Cisco Houston, now living in California.

The following are titles actually taken from the music catalogue of a leading commercial publisher who says; "...every conceivable type and mood gathered together in one magnificent collection." "Diga Diga Doo"; "Fiddle - Faddle"; and our favorite, "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula".

Two new voices for peace came into the world on August 13th when twin sons were born to Ed and Zona Mann of Los Angeles. The two boys go by the names of Andrew Jed and Peter Matthew. Congratulations Ed and Zona -- we know you'll teach them how to sing out!

Ernie Lieberman's song repertoire will be decreased by at least one next month. We trust that Ernie will no longer sing "I Wish I Were Single Again" after he gets married to Ann Wilner on October 13th.

# 113 Vigndig A Fremd Kind

This can best be described as an old Yiddish "Baby Sitters' Song". So you thought that baby sitting was only a recent headache? Well, as a baby sitter (if you are one) you might try this song as a lullaby; in that way putting the baby to sleep and assuaging your own feelings at the same time.

Yiddish folk

Liltingly

Dm F

Zolst a - zoy le - bn un zayn ge - zint Vi

C7 A7 Dm

ich vel dir zi - tsn un vi - gn s'kind.

CHORUS:

Dm F C7 A7 Dm

Ay -lyu-lyu, Sha -sha -sha! Dayn ma-me-shi z'ge-gan-gen in mark a-rayn.

Dm F C7 A7 Dm

Ay-lyu-lyu, shlof mayn kind, Di ma-me-shi vet ki-men gich un ge-shvind.

## REFRAIN

2. Zolst azoy lebn,  
S'geyt mir derinen!  
Dayn mameshi z'geganen  
In mark arayn fardinen.

## CHORUS:

3. Andere meydelech tantsn  
Un shpringen  
Un ich muz n'kind  
Vign un zingen!

## CHORUS:

4. Andere meydelech  
Tsukerkelech nashn  
Un ich muz n's'kind  
Vindelech vashn!

## CHORUS:

## Translation:

1. May you live long and be well,  
My lady, while I sit here and rock  
your baby.

CHORUS: Hush, your mother's  
gone to the marketplace,  
Hush, mama will soon be back.

2. Long may you live, for I wish  
it to be true. Mama's gone to  
provide for you.

3. Other little girls can dance  
and swing, but I must rock the ba-  
by and sing!

4. Other girls can buy goodies and  
candy, but I must wash the baby's  
panties!



# A MESSAGE FROM PRAGUE

We, composers, musicologists, performers and critics from sixteen countries gathered at the International Music Festival "Prague Spring 1951" send greetings to all musicians of the world from this festival of peace and construction, from this atmosphere of mutual understanding and international solidarity.

Here in Prague, in the spring of 1951 at a time of growing international tension, we are aware, more than ever before, of the immeasurable need for peace and the task of every artist to create for human happiness -- for the happiness of the broad mass of people. We consider that our first task is to help maintain peace with all our strength and moral conviction.

Therefore, we call upon you:

Do not forget for an instant this most vital task of our times. Work for peace as citizens of your countries, as human beings and as artists. Do everything in your power to further

international cooperation by supporting a peace pact among the five great powers.

Join with the hundreds of millions of honest people who have risen in defense of peace! Through your art endeavor to express their most fervent longings, strengthen the people in their enormous daily struggle for peace, through your works and by your art win over more adherents in the fight for the life and happiness of mankind. You must act now for, we are convinced, this is the only path that will save the magnificent treasures of musical creation of hundreds of years for future generations. It is the only path which can guarantee the free development of musical art and lead it to undreamed - of, glorious heights.

Let the leading slogan of the Prague Spring 1951 -- "For a music that unites the people in the fight for a lasting peace" -- become your slogan as well. Everyone, join the ranks of those who fight for the glorious victory of a free mankind in the world struggle for peace!

## Record Review

The latest record of The Weavers is "When The Saints Go Marching In" done as a rousing Dixieland stomp. While it is true that some of the hottest jazz can be heard in neighborhood holiness churches, north and south, the jazz on this record is not all it should have been. Nevertheless, the verses of this old hymn have a lesson for all Americans; "Some say this world of trouble is the only one we need, but I'm waiting for that morning when the new world is revealed." We doubt however, that on the average jukebox the words are listened to much. The flip side is an Irish sounding love song, "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine".

-Nathan Charlieres-

## In This Issue

### Songs

Get You Ready	Page 3
We've Always Welcomed Strangers	4
Wade In The Water	3
I Been 'Buked	9
Jarama Valley	11
Graveyard Blues	12
Wailie, Wailie	13
Vigndig A Fremd Kind	15

### Articles

Columbus and Americanism	2
Letter From Woody Guthrie	2
Folk Music of the U. S.	6
Singing People	14
Message From Prague	16
Record Review	16



ag  
at  
  
as  
-  
rt  
nt  
ir  
e,  
rt  
ht  
d.  
-  
ll  
of  
rs  
ly  
ee  
it  
s.  
he  
ic  
a  
as  
of  
ry  
le

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62  
63  
64  
65  
66  
67  
68  
69  
70  
71  
72  
73  
74  
75  
76  
77  
78  
79  
80  
81  
82  
83  
84  
85  
86  
87  
88  
89  
90  
91  
92  
93  
94  
95  
96  
97  
98  
99  
100